

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

December 1944





COURTESY OF DR. W. B. PETTUS

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

A painting by Luke Chen

Artists in different parts of the world have been encouraged to paint the Christmas story their own way. Chinese paintings of the Holy Family, like the one above, have been particularly beautiful. This year of all years when so many mothers and fathers with their children have had to flee from persecution, the story of the Flight into Egypt has special meaning. Curiously enough many families from Greece, Poland, and Yugoslavia have sought refuge in the ancient land of Egypt

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

December • 1944

The Secret Christmas

A Story of Occupied Holland

HILDA VAN STOCKUM

Illustrations by the Author

MOTHER VEENDAM scraped the last crumbs from the bread plank and carefully put them in a bowl. They could be used in the soup that evening. Every little crumb meant so much more energy and health for Marie, Hans and Pieter. The Christmas holidays started today, and Mother frowned and sighed as she tried to think of a way to make a happy Christmas for the children. When there is no food, no warmth and the father of the family is hiding somewhere from the Gestapo, happiness is more precious than ever. Every crumb has to be saved more carefully even than bread crumbs. Mother Veendam knew this and treasured every little joke or kind happening of the day to share with her children. It was wonderful to see their pale, wan faces light up in a sudden smile, their happy former selves shining through the little masks that had grown over their faces from want and suffering.

So Mother Veendam intended to make this a happy Christmas even if she had to reach into the bottom of her trunk and take out the last treasures stored there. It could not last forever, this war, she thought. Already the allied airplanes had invaded the blue skies over the village where Mrs. Veendam lived.

The sight of them brought tears into the eyes of the Dutch people.

But Mother Veendam had no time to stand musing. Housekeeping was no simple affair without any decent soap to speak of, with matches hard to find, shopping lasting for hour after hour of waiting, fuel brought home in little baskets and burned as sparingly as if it were made of gold. No, there was no time to stand in front of a window, watch the December clouds pile up over snowy fields and sigh.

She bustled around, sweeping with a worn-out broom, making the beds with patched, gray-looking sheets and laying the table with chipped crockery. If only, if only she could think up a way to make a happy Christmas!

Marie was the first to come home from school. She was a tall girl, grown too fast. Pale and lanky, she yet showed promise of beauty should this war ever end. She was almost fourteen and her mother suddenly decided to take her into her confidence.

"Marie," she said, giving her a bowl of mashed potatoes and a glass of bluish milk, "Marie, what *am* I to do for Christmas?" A shaft of light seemed to strike Marie's blue eyes, making them sparkle. "Christmas?" she

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Slowly the little parachute floated downward

cried joyfully. "I thought you wouldn't want to bother . . . with Father gone and everything . . ." Her voice trailed off. Everything . . . a word so packed with want and hardship!

Mother smiled. The very thinness of her face seemed to give added brilliance to her smile. "Not want to bother? Of course we are going to have our Christmas. God Himself gave it to us, and no one can take it from us. Only I want you to help me."

"I'd love to, Mother, but how?"

"I don't know yet. But I'll think of something, you wait."

At that moment the boys came in, throwing their schoolbooks and coats around and creating the usual fuss. They were jolly little lads of eight and ten and would have been very boisterous if they had been able to get three solid meals a day.

"They say we can't have a tree, Mother," cried Hans, the oldest. "The Germans won't let us have any. Can you imagine a Christmas without a tree, Mother? They say they need the trees for their own people!"

"Yes, Mother, they say anyone cutting down a pine tree or evergreen will be put into prison," piped up Pieter.

Mother frowned. The tree was always the high point of their Christmas. They still had some tarnished tinsel and a few glass orna-

ments. Last year they had had candles, too, but there were none left in the bottom of that large trunk, so skilfully hidden under Mother's press bed.

"I don't care," said Hans. "I'm going to get us a tree if I am put in prison."

"You'll do no such thing," said Mother. "I have another plan." There was a dead tree in their yard which Mother meant to cut down for firewood. It was a tiny, bare thing, with a few branches as naked as a skeleton's arms.

"We can tie green branches to it," Mother explained, "and make us a Christmas tree."

"But where will we get the branches?"

"You'll have to sneak those in from the woods, one at a time," said Mother. "You can hide them under your coats. We'll have to wait till the last minute to put up the tree, for the police may search our houses, though it's unlikely; they have other things to bother about now." With a smile, she lifted her head as the drone of some allied bombers filled the kitchen with a noise as of a hundred bumblebees.

"Remember now," said Mother after lunch, as she tucked the children into their too-short, too-thin, worn-out coats, "one branch at a time, the smaller the better." Kissing them, she sent them out into the snowy world where frost pinched blue shadows on their pale cheeks. But children can be happy in the strangest circumstances, and Marie, Hans and Pieter felt brave and adventurous as they plotted together on their way to school how to get branches for their tree. The following days were filled with secrecy and bustle. Hans and Pieter sneaked into the woods and came back with tiny branches of spruce or pine, so small that no one had noticed their taking them. Once they had met a German soldier, but they had said "Good day" to him in German, and that had pleased him so much he had given them some chocolate. They hadn't even licked at it, they said, as they handed it to their mother.

"It is good Dutch chocolate," Mother decided. "We shall make a pudding of it on Christmas Day."

The greatest trouble was to get presents. It was not that there weren't many things they needed; a whole prewar shop could not have filled the gaps in their clothespress, but there was nothing to be got. Money could not pay for the few things displayed in the village stores. But Mother dug into the bottom of her trunk and found a piece of fur left from prewar days. It was very beautiful fur, but too

narrow for warmth. Mother traded this at the store for some lengths of warm cloth and a pair of wooden shoes for Marie, who was walking on split ones, held together with wire. There had been no leather shoes for a long time. Some of the cloth Mother and Marie made into new, warm red shirts for the boys, and the rest they cut into two sheets which they sewed together and filled with wads of German newspapers, the only ones to be had now. Now she had an extra blanket for the boys' bed. Hans had had such a nasty cough lately.

And so Mrs. Veendam and the children worked for a Christmas which was to stick out like a beacon in the procession of dreary winter days. But through it all they felt a constant anxiety about the absent father who was wanted for labor in Germany and who had "gone bicycling." In occupied Holland, to "go bicycling" means to travel from one place to another, hiding from the German police. Sometimes such people are caught, and nobody ever hears of them again. Mrs. Veendam had not heard from her husband for over a year, and sometimes she feared the worst.

Marie still remembered her father in the old happy days, when he was a genial, friendly person full of fun, who spread his slippered feet of an evening to the warmth of a roaring stove, sipped cups of hot, fragrant coffee and laughed heartily at every joke in the newspaper. Hans and Pieter remembered little of those radiant times. To them the world had almost always been full of gray-uniformed men who held up their arms and said: "Heil Hitler." To them their father was a knock on the window and a hasty word whispered, a stealthy form sneaking through the yard on a dark night, or low voices in a cellar. Father was part of "they," who were working with the underground, blowing up trains, wrecking telegraph poles, sending secret messages. But the boys, too, mourned their father as a hero,

and wished they knew whether he was still alive.

Christmas morning came stealthily, with more snow piled on window sills and an extra shiver added to the icy water in the cracked pitchers.

"Do we *have* to wash?" the boys asked plaintively. "Even on *Christmas morning*?"

"Especially on Christmas morning," Mother told them firmly.

But what delight when they found new warm shirts beside their bed! They stroked the cloth with blue fingers and could hardly believe their eyes.

"How did you get them, Mother?" they asked, but Mother wouldn't tell.

"I guess the Christmas angel brought them," she said. Marie was just as delighted with her shoes. "Oh, Mother!" she cried. "I'm going for a walk right away."

"We are all going," said Mother. "There is going to be a service in our church. You know we haven't had one since the vicar preached that sermon about the Queen, but I hear they have released him from the concentration camp, and he is going to give us a Christmas sermon today."

The snow-covered little church was so crowded the Veendams could hardly squeeze through the people. Soon even the square in front of the church was filled with kneeling figures. The pastor looked strangely different. His cheeks were sunken and gray; his hair was snowy white though it had scarcely been silvered when he left. But his eyes

burned with a clear, strong light, and his voice had a ringing sound as he spoke of Christ's promise to us.

"He gave us a joy no man can take from us," the pastor said, and as he spoke, a fleeting smile seemed to pass over the sea of faces before him. The service ended with the singing of "Silent Night, Holy Night," and shivers of delight crept down Marie's back as she

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"Keep your chins up! We'll soon be free," said the letter

Children of the Storm

ERIC P. KELLY

Thousands of Polish children have lost everything and have been forced to travel from one country to another. Fortunately one group of them has found refuge in Mexico. When they finally return to their homeland, they will certainly have many experiences to write about in their Junior Red Cross school correspondence albums

LIKE LITTLE CLOUDS driven by an oncoming tempest all over the sky are the children of those lands where the war has devastated the cities, rained down bombs on peaceful countrysides, burned to the earth the houses of great and humble alike and broken up and scattered families. In Siberia one finds them miles and miles from home. In South Africa where the jungles thin away to temperate climes, in the lands of Iraq and Iran they are clustered, and in India where the tropical sun beats down with such force.

Scattered are the Polish children, fortunate enough to have escaped from their desolated country. They are of all ages, from the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and students of the high schools to the youngsters born since the war began, and babies in arms. A vast army of exiles these, trudging in caravans across deserts, traveling thousands of miles by land and sea. There is no sight like it since the end of the Dark Ages in Europe when bands of youngsters set out in the Children's Crusade to win back Jerusalem for the Christian faith.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Reunions like this one in Persia occur between Polish refugees in many countries

With kindness and hospitality, Mexico has thrown open her doors to exiles from all lands. And into Mexico streamed a group of 1500 homeless Poles, more than half of them children. They are housed in the old Mexican hacienda, or country estate, of Santa Rosa, about five miles from the city of Leon in the state of Guanajuato, about 250 miles northwest of Mexico City and almost in the center of the country. The place of refuge, called "Colonia," is on the great central plateau of Mexico, about 5000 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by fertile fields and enclosed by the small villages of the farmers who once worked for the owner of the estate. Now, since the Mexican government has broken up the great estates, these farmers own their own property.

In come the children. Two hundred and fifty of them are orphans. Some, separated from their families, do not even know their own names. Yet there are people to look after them. Poor refugees who have lost all they had in the world share what little is given them with these motherless and fatherless boys and girls. Those old enough to belong to the Boy Scouts or the Girl Scouts are arranged in companies with directors for each, and mothers who have lost their children act as parents to them. There is one woman in charge of each group of twenty-five.

How these children have wandered and what adventures they have been through! They have come across thousands of miles in Europe and Asia; they have known Indian malaria, and Persian drought; they have visited New Zealand and the United States; they have slept in tents in the desert; they have shared quarters in troop transports that have carried them for more than 15,000 miles. They have heard Russian in Moscow, the Tartar tongue in Samarkand, Persian in Iraq and Iran, Turkish in lands south of the Black Sea, Armenian, Afghan, French, Indian, English and now Spanish. Some of them know words in all these languages, and are beginning to converse in Spanish with their kindly hosts in Mexico. When they go back to Poland after the war, they will have seen more of the world and known more peoples than most living adults.

These refugees live in dormitories as in a summer camp. At 6:30 in the morning they

get up at the call of a bugle. They wash quickly and immediately assemble for prayers. Then they march in to breakfast, afterwards walk about a little, and then go to school. If it is a holiday, they go out for a trip into the country or are taken in a bus to a near-by resort where they can bathe and swim. But if it is a working day, they attend classes until 11 o'clock when they have a "druga sniadanie," or second light breakfast, and return to studies. At 1 o'clock comes dinner and a little rest, and shortly after that the schoolmaster, Pan Felix Sobota, holds his afternoon school sessions.

In the schools they study their own language and literature, and all the subjects that students take up in the United States. They have lessons in history and in democracy, and Mexican teachers come in and hold classes in the Spanish language. When school is over, they go to games and recreations, volleyball, football, and even baseball. Groups of them take lessons in dancing. Some make Polish costumes in which they will perform in the Mexican theaters and march on holidays in Mexican holiday parades. At 6 o'clock comes supper, and if there is no music in the recreation hall, the Polish children gather together and talk or sing or play games. At 8:30 they go to evening prayers, and at 9 the bugle sounds taps. These are the children who, when they grow up, will build up their own new Poland. It is necessary that they be well schooled and in good health.

Sometimes the children gather in the canteen where there are candy and toys and soft drinks. Sometimes they go to the workshops where the older people are making cabinets or metal frames; sometimes to the stables and barns where the cows are being milked, or the pigs are being fed. Or they go out in the fields where the men and women are constantly at work raising corn and vegetables. But the exciting event of the day is the mail. Hundreds of letters pour in from friends and relatives in the United States, and sometimes letters with curious stamps from fathers or brothers serving in the United Nations forces in Iraq or Africa or Italy. Many people in the United States have offered to "adopt" some of the children and write them letters and send them books or magazines. At Christmastime, people of Polish descent in the United States sent messengers with money to Mexico to buy pretty aprons, clothes, Scout knives, whistles, dolls, religious medals, candy and other things.

Life is as happy as it can be made for these

homeless ones. The Mexican mayor of Leon, Mr. Vera, invites them to basketball games, and the societies of the town include them in the celebration of holy days. When they first came, the ladies from the churches gave them a great feast. There many of the children tasted cake for the first time in their lives.

You get to the camp in an old horsecar drawn by mules. On this conveyance the whole group goes to the city three times a week to see the sights, visit the theaters or to see some athletic games. Or perhaps they must visit the doctor and get medicines, or have their eyes examined or go to the dentist. Some 1500 teeth were in such bad condition when the refugees first came that they had to be taken out. It was by the horse or mule car that St. Nicholas came at Christmas, the old saint in his robes with a group of little angels all about him. Out of the windows of the car Roman candles were shooting fire, rockets were ascending from the front platform, and on the back platform crouched the devil with his birch rods for bad children. The boys, however, were waiting for him, and when he got off, they rushed at him and took his sticks away and made him promise not to beat anybody. The good St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, turned out to be an American, and he had something for everybody in the camp.

Safe until the end of the war in their haven in Mexico, these Polish wanderers say to each other "Nie placz Polsko"—Don't cry for Poland—for they feel even at that age that they must be courageous and keep smiling and help strengthen the hearts of their companions in exile. And, besides, they all mean to go back after the war.



St. Nicholas visits the Polish exiles in Mexico accompanied by a group of young "angels"



Company for Christmas

MAY JUSTUS

Illustrations by Helen Finger

AS LUCK would have it, Grandy Allison got sick a few days before Christmas. Mammy had to spend most of her time looking after him, so the homework fell upon Glory and Matt, and they were both busy from daylight to dusky dark to get it all done. Glory cleaned the house, cooked nearly all the food and washed the dishes. Matt took care of the chickens and stock and got in the wood. The two Allison children had given up all hope of going back to school until sometime after Christmas—they would have to wait until Grandy got well enough to see after things. They would miss the Christmas Eve program, the carols, the candy treat, the shining Christmas tree.

The day before Christmas Grandy seemed a little better. In the morning he sat up and filled his pipe all by himself. And in the late afternoon he called for his fiddle and was tuning it up for "Turkey in the Straw" when Dovie Ray, the Circuit Rider's daughter, happened in. She had come to visit awhile with Glory and tell her the news. Yesterday in school they had made wreaths for all the windows, with a big red bow on each one, a sight to behold. The Christmas tree was so big that they had to stand it in a corner; there were little silver balls on it and a shining star up high.

"The treat," Dovie whispered, "is to be three kinds of candy. We only had striped peppermint last year."

"Three kinds!" Glory murmured wonderingly. "But who knows for certain before the time for giving out the treat?"

"Somebody, Bud O'Dell, I think it was, said that Miss Judy was buying candy when he went into the store yesterday afternoon."

Dovie and Glory were sitting on a bench by the kitchen table. Glory was peeling a pan of potatoes to add to the stirabout. All of a sudden a tear fell, and then another, and another. Dovie's own eyes filled. She threw an arm around Glory.

"Don't cry, Glory. I'll save you a part of my treat," she promised.

Glory caught her breath. "It isn't the candy I'm crying about," she answered. "It's all the Christmas doings I want to be in—

it's the Christmas sights I want to see!"

After Dovie was gone, Glory finished peeling the potatoes and put them to cook in the bubbling kettle. The dried corn, the shucky beans, the whippoorwill peas, which took longer to cook, had all been put in a good while before. With the potatoes Glory put in a pepper pod and an onion.

Mammy was mixing a pudding in a pan. Grandy, paying no attention whatever to the bustle going on about him, had tucked his fiddle under his arm and gone to sleep.

Suddenly steps sounded in the dogtrot, the roofed-over space between the two rooms of the Allison cabin. Glory glanced up, thinking to see Matt coming in with a load of wood. It was Matt, sure enough, but who was the strange man just behind him? An outlander, no one who lived on Kettle Creek.

"Mammy!" she whispered, and her mother who had just stooped down to put the pudding in the oven, straightened up, and went to the door.

"Howdy—come in," she said kindly.

"Howdy," said the man, but he did not accept her invitation. He looked shy as he stood there, a battered hat in his hand.

Matt made explanations. "This is Mr. Crockett, Mammy. He's on his way from North Carolina to the other side o' Far Beyant. His folks are up the road a piece in a wagon, but it's broken down, and they can't go on. Can they stay all night with us?"

Mr. Crockett spoke up now before Mammy could answer. "It's a great favor to ask, and I wouldn't bother you," he said, "but for the little 'un. He has cried all day, and looks a mite dauncy. We've been camping out for three nights—"

"You don't tell me!" Mammy cried as if she couldn't believe her ears. "A young-un out in this weather! He's caught his death o' cold, like as not. Go and bring him in a hurry—and the rest o' your folks."

She hadn't asked how many there were, and Glory wondered how many would turn up, but as Mr. Crockett turned away he muttered, "There—there's only three of us. And I'm mighty much obliged," he added, speaking in a half-ashamed but mannerly way.

Mammy spoke cheerfully. "Don't mention

it. We'll be obliged to you all, I reckon. I've always heard tell it was good luck to have company on Christmas Eve."

Matt went along to lend a helping hand. Glory and Mammy got busy, making extra preparations for the evening meal. Glory made hoecakes instead of corn pone, since the pudding was in the oven. Mammy stirred up a batch of noodles and added them to the pot of stirabout. She made sassafras tea, and from a shelf in the corner cupboard she took down a jar of huckleberry jam.

"There's plenty of what we've got—such as it is," she said with satisfaction.

"Will you have the pudding tonight?" Glory asked.

"Might as well. It'll taste as good as on Christmas Day—if it gets done," she added.

Glory put another shovelful of coals on top of the oven. She meant to see that it got done by suppertime! In her hurry she dropped the shovel on the hearth and the sudden clash and clamor awoke Grandy.

"Hey! What's going on?" he cried.

Glory was telling him all about the company for supper when the Crocketts appeared behind Matt in the doorway. Matt had the boy in his arms.

"Why, he's not such a little 'un!" cried Mammy. "He's a fine big boy. What's your name, Sonny?"

"Joe—Joe Crockett." He said it with a crinkly grin and a funny stutter. "I'm—I'm hungry," he added. Glory remembered that she had been too busy to scrape the mixing pan, and ran to get it for him. He settled himself on the edge of the hearth and began to feast greedily, licking the spoon.

"He's got the sniffles, I see," Mammy said, giving close attention to the sharp catch in his breath that came now and then. "There's catnip tea abrewing, and I'll make him a pine tar poultice to go on his chest tonight."

"You're so good," Mrs. Crockett said. Her lips trembled. "I'm afraid that we are giving you a heap o' trouble."

"I don't call it trouble," Mammy replied, "to make new friends. And company coming on Christmas Eve they say is lucky—as I was telling your man a little while ago."

The Crocketts were tired, hungry and cold, but they were brave and good-humored in spite of their misfortunes. As soon as the good fire had thawed them out a bit, they seemed much happier, and more at home.

"I'm hungry," said the little boy in Matt's arms

Mr. Crockett went to the barn with Matt to put up his horses, and stayed to help with the regular chores. Mrs. Crockett lent a hand at setting the table. Little Joe finished his pan and then made friends with Grandy who let him hold his fiddle and draw the bow over the strings.

Mrs. Crockett told of their journey from North Carolina. It had been full of ups and downs all along the way. Once a wagon wheel had come off and rolled down the mountain. That mishap had delayed them nearly a whole day. One night a stray dog had stolen the food she had fixed for the next day's rations.

"But we didn't stop to cook more; we wanted to go on, and we did," she said. "We had some apples, and we passed a tree loaded with persimmons. Folks can eat other things when they haven't got bread." She laughed, making light of their troubles; then her thin, sun-tanned face sobered. "We didn't worry about anything till Josey got dauncy."

"And that reminds me—that catnip tea has brewed long enough," said Mammy. She poured a cup and sweetened it with a spoonful of honey. "It'll have to cool a minute or two." She set it on the fireboard shelf.

Mrs. Crockett went on with her story. "We're going to yon side o' Far Beyant, to Glowrie Glen. We'll have a new home there, a better one than we've left behind, I reckon."



The boy coughed. Mammy got up to get the tea. She let a few drops dribble on her wrist. "Yes, it's just about right," and she handed Mrs. Crockett the cup.

"Looky how he likes it!" Grandy cried in great wonder. "I bet a gold fiddle string it's better tasting stuff than the medicine they pour down me!" he chuckled. Glory thought their company had made Grandy feel a lot better in both body and spirits.

Mr. Crockett and Matt came in from the barn, talking and laughing together as if they were old cronies.

Glory helped Mammy set the supper on. There was aplenty, as Mammy had said, of everything.

"Come, set your feet under the table," was her invitation. They came in a hurry. Glory and Matt sat together at a corner of the table.

"I know something that you don't know," he whispered excitedly. "You'd never guess. I've got a Christmas tree."

"Where, Matt, where?"

"Out in the dogtrot. I'll bring it in later. We'll fix it up for the little feller after he's gone to bed. It'll be fun for him when he wakes up and sees it. His pappy said he told him Santa Claus wouldn't come since they were away from home."

"What'll we use for decorations? A Christmas tree has to look pretty," Glory said.

"Oh, I gathered a handful o' dogwood and bramble berries back o' the barn, and there's popcorn aplenty we can string as we did last year for the Christmas tree in school, you remember?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" Now Glory was more excited than her brother. But they must stop whispering. Mammy, they saw, was shaking her head to remind them of their manners. And the pudding pan was coming their way.

Right after supper little Joe Crockett began to get sleepy and was put to bed with one more dose of catnip tea, and a pine tar poultice on his chest. Matt and Glory told their plan, then brought in the tree, and everyone got busy fixing decorations. But it must have something else on it. There ought to be a few gifts.

Matt said, "I can make a ball out o' yarn." Mammy found an old knitted stocking for him to ravel. Then Glory asked, "Do you reckon he would like a boy doll made out of corn shucks? I could make one in a jiffy."

"It would tickle him," answered Joe's mother. "It would sure-enough."

Grandy took a piece of kindling wood and

began to whittle. By and by he turned out a tiny fiddle which he strung with coarse thread. Then he made a bow to match. It would play a little tune about as loud as a cricket's, clear and thin and sweet.

Mr. Crockett took a handful of horse chestnuts and cut funny faces on them. They made good ornaments for the tree, everybody said. Mammy and Mrs. Crockett popped corn, polished a few red apples and gave advice at the right time as well as words of praise.

Matt whispered to Glory, "Seems right Christmasy with the tree and the company and everything, don't you think?"

"Yes," Glory agreed, "but I think I'd have a more frolicsome feeling if we could sing one of the good old Christmas songs."

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Crockett who had overheard her. "Let's sing one we all know."

"And one that I can play," Grandy spoke up.

Mammy looked at him with an anxious expression. "I'm afraid you're not strong enough yet."

"Not able to play on my fiddle box?" Grandy cried. "I'll show you!" he shouted. "*O Come, All Ye Faithful*—that's the tune we'll start out on."

But he was so excited that he struck up *Glory in the Meeting House* instead, and had played it half through before he realized his mistake.

He made a fresh start then, and they all began singing:

"O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,

O, come ye, O, come ye to Bethlehem—"

A gusty wind rattled the door latch, shrieked around the corner and blew its breath down the chimney, but it didn't interrupt their song:

"Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels—"

Thump! Thump! Was that the wind?

Thump! Thump! There it came again a little louder.

"It sounded like a knock," muttered Matt.

"It is a knock!" cried Glory.

She and her brother made for the door, got there at the same time, and opened it.

It was Step-Along, the peddler, standing there like a wayfaring Santa Claus with a knobby bag on his back.

"Step-Along!" everybody cried.

"Merry Christmas, all!" he greeted them. His voice sounded hoarse as if it were half frozen in his throat. Even his smile looked twisted as though it had been tangled in a

long streamer of wind. His teeth chattered.

"Don't stand there stiff as a post!" Mammy cried. "Come up to the fire. There's hot tea all ready—catnip and sassafras. You can have whichever you please."

"Much obliged," replied Step-Along. "I'll take both kinds; you can mix 'em together. It can't be too hot to suit me, and it can't be too strong."

He sat down in the chair somebody gave him and slipped the pack from his shoulder.

"A storm's blowing up the hollow," he said. "It's as dark as a bat harbor. Coming up Kettle Creek, I pret' nigh lost my way. I was mighty glad to hear your merrymaking. If it hadn't been for that, no telling how far I might have gone astray."

He paused to take the steaming cup that Mammy had ready for him.

"Much obliged! Merry Christmas! Thank you, ma'am. I hope to return the favor sooner or later."

"Don't mention it," said Mammy.

Step-Along looked at the company. "Go ahead with your party; don't let me break up your merrymaking," he begged.

"Oh, it's not a big to-do," Matt said. "Just a little Christmas fun we were having."

"To make up for missing the Christmas doings at school tonight," Glory explained.

"Ah—that reminds me!" cried Step-Along. "I stopped there early in the evening, and the schoolteacher gave me some stuff for you since she'd heard that you couldn't come to the Christmas tree." He drained the cup and

handed it to Mammy. Then he reached for the sack and untied it. Out rolled the treasure on to the floor: oranges like golden balls, shining sticks of candy—red and white striped, pink, and white—three kinds. Yes, it was true. And there were two little candy cones wrapped in silver paper.

They hung the candy cones, side by side, upon the Christmas tree. How pretty it looked now!

"It's a gladsome sight to behold, certain sure," Mrs. Crockett said. "It'll tickle Joe to pieces, I reckon, when he wakes up and sees it in the morning."

"It will, for a fact," her husband agreed.

The wind went whooping around the house.

"It's crying for cold weather," Grandy said, cocking an ear. "Listen to it yell 'whoo-ee-ee!' When it sounds like that at bedtime, there'll be rain or snow on the roof before the break o' day."

A shiver went around the circle at the fire. Chairs were hitched a little closer to the hearthstone. Matt picked up the poker and punched the sticks till a blaze leaped from them like a living thing and roared up the chimney with a loud laugh to answer the threat of the raging wind.

"God be thanked for shelter tonight," murmured Mrs. Crockett.

"Yes," said her husband. It sounded like an Amen.

—This story is an incident from "Cabin on Kettle Creek." J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. Copyright, 1941, by May Justus.

About the Cover

When we wrote Jeanne Bendick asking her to do the cover showing AJRC Christmas decorations for men overseas, we knew we would get a grand design, but we did not know how much in favor of the decorations she would be. She wrote: "My husband has been out in India for fourteen months, and last Christmas he wrote how carefully they made the most of everything they got from the States . . . They even went up into the Himalayas and got pine boughs and built themselves a Christmas tree! All the Indian bearers around the camp joined in the festivities, and Bob said that the little Indian boys the unit had adopted were so excited over the goings on!" Miss Bendick did the decorations from samples we sent her from the Eastern Area AJRC.



BY DANIEL ALAIN, COURTESY OF "COLLIER'S"

"We should try to be broad-minded. After all, our own customs may seem just as strange to them"

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 3

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES	Vice-President
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MARY LOUISE FAGG	Art Editor

The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine;
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

—Phillips Brooks

To a Lost Mother

IN THE MIDDLE EAST camps have been set up during these war years for some of the Polish boys forced by the invasion of their country to wander all over the earth. When one of these brave boys was asked what he would say if he could broadcast on Christmas Day, his answer was:

"My father is dead and my mother was left in Russia. I long for them and I am sad because I can't send a letter to my mother; I don't know her address.

"Dear Mother: Perhaps you can hear my voice or perhaps someone will tell you I spoke on the radio and that I shared the Holy Wafer with you. Perhaps God will soon let us all come back to Poland to our own home and we will not have to suffer as we are now.

"It seems that our condition here is good now—that we are not hungry any more . . . but everyone seems to be missing something and everyone seems to be looking for someone lost, or as if he were waiting for someone. But when we return to Poland and our meadows and forests, our longing will be gone and we will all be happy again.

"Dear Mother, where are you? I pray . . . to find you and be with you in our free Fatherland. Farewell."

★ ★ Our Artists and Authors

★ HILDA VAN STOCKUM was born in Holland and has many relatives there. She was at great pains to paint the RAF plane just right, knowing that American boys and girls are good at identifying planes. She has five boys and girls of her own, so she should know!

Eric Kelly did relief work in Poland during the first World War and taught in Cracow. He is now writing a history of Poland for elementary schools.

Jane Curry who did the layout for this issue, including that gay back cover, is resigning to continue her art career in Cleveland, Ohio.

Nina Moses has lived in both the Near East and the Far East so that we like to turn to her for stories and pictures of those regions. At present she is working, like many another artist, on important maps for the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Jo Fisher is a Washington artist to whom we turn when we want music beautifully copied. She also has done several cover designs for the News including two Christmas ones. Perhaps you remember the one of the sampler, every stitch of which she did by hand.

May Justus and Helen Finger are an author and artist whose delightful stories and drawings have often appeared in the News. Miss Justus lives in Tennessee, and Miss Finger comes from Arkansas.

Mildred Cline Walden whose book reviews appear on the opposite page writes "Ideas on the March" every month. She enjoyed doing reviews about books full of Christmas and Christmas trees because her own tree each year with the miniature village underneath it is a sight to attract all the children in the neighborhood.

★ ★ Your Part in the Liberation

★ THE U. S. Office of Education has recognized the American Junior Red Cross by recommending it as the official agency for providing educational materials needed so badly by boys and girls in liberated areas. AJRC members are busy filling 150,000 gift boxes with school supplies as the first step in this new plan. (See the JRC Calendar.) From now on, the National Children's Fund will be called upon more and more. Watch the News for reports. Start the New Year right by building up your JRC Service Fund so you can make a contribution.

Under the Christmas Tree

Up the Hill

MARGUERITE d'ANGELI
Doubleday, Doran; New York, \$2.00

TADEK AND ANIELA, who lived with their Polish-born mother and father in a little mining town of Pennsylvania, stood before the bakery window. To Aniela, nothing seemed so important as what was inside—*pierniki*, *chrosty* and *kutia*, dumplings, cakes and sweets—all those wonderful Christmas goodies that smelled and tasted even better than they looked. Her brother enjoyed these old-country treats, too, but through his head there whirled a score of patterns suggested by the delicate tracery of frost on the windows. For Tadek wanted to be an artist; he thought about it all the time as he drove back and forth to the mines. Father didn't approve of the idea at all, but how was he to know that he was pointing the way when he remarked to the family on Christmas Eve that a "painter fellow" was coming soon to do murals for the church? How could father know that when the "painter fellow" came to school for a special program of songs and dances and stories of many countries, he would seek out Aniela because she wore the costume of Lowicz, his own native district? Aniela was quick to show the "painter fellow" Tadek's lovely wall map of Poland, his carol of the birds, and the other things her brother had designed to help make the program at school a success. You'll find the carol on page 65.

How Aniela brought Tadek and the artist together, how Tadek himself was able to help with the church murals and finally go off to art school in Philadelphia—finding about these things is only a small part of the fun you'll have when you read the gay story, "Up the Hill." For when Polish-American families get together, at Christmas or Easter or just any time at all, there's a lively time to be expected.—M. C. W.

Inga of Porcupine Mine

CAROLINE R. STONE
Holiday House, New York, \$2.00

THIS IS the story of Inga, whose Cornish father and Finnish mother settled in the iron-ore country of northern Michigan. Inga was practical—practical as could be—and when she dreamed of the things she wanted to do, she set out to make her dreams come true through real hard work.

Woven through the story are threads of the old world and the new, plus a neighborliness and family affection that are endearing. There's sadness, as when Pa nearly loses his

sight because of the silica dust at the mine, but there's also loads of fun in the stories of county fairs and ice carnivals, berrying expeditions and picnics.

Perhaps the nicest part of all is the story of the animals' Christmas tree. Suet for the birds, hay for the deer, red corn and bacon for the rabbits and woodchucks are placed on the boughs of the finest tree in the forest by Inga and her friends. While the children sing carols, snowbirds and sparrows chirp overhead. The timid eyes of a doe are glimpsed through the lacy branches of a pine tree.

Then there's the celebration at Porcupine mine. Inga could scarcely believe it when Captain Bob let her

ride down, down, down into the mines to see it all for herself. A glistening tree laden with gifts, men singing ageless Christmas carols. . . .

Home again, Inga was everywhere at once, popping corn, hanging garlands of red cranberries on the family's Christmas tree, and helping to frost the *torttiija*, the big holiday plum cake which rose tier upon tier, topped by a wax Julbuggen Man, the Finnish Santa Claus.

There's one thing we haven't told you: Tadek and Inga have a lot in common. Read these books and find out why.—M. C. W.



The animals' Christmas tree, an illustration by Ellen Simon for "Inga"

SCHOOL WAS OUT for Christmas vacation, and tomorrow night would be Christmas Eve.

The hard-packed snow squeaked under George's boots as he crunched along the narrow path people's feet had made in front of the house. His breath was steamy in the below-zero air. Above his red wool ear muffs his black hair waved like a free flag, and his dark eyes looked out from under the sweep of it, enjoying everything.

The snow was soft and wet and heavy on the branches of the cedar tree outside the living room window. The window looked like a frame for the picture the tree made.

The cedar made George think of his brother Joe—in case he happened not to be thinking of him—because Joe had written home eight months ago:

"It took the Army and several centuries to get me home, but here I am. The Wandering Jew is back where he started from. And the cedars make me feel as though I really am

Lights All

NINA

home—they smell just like the one outside the front window."

His father said that meant Joe was in Palestine, and the cedars must be the cedars of Lebanon.

Last week George himself had had a letter from Joe—not the usual family letter.

"Next to being home, George," Joe had written, "I'm going to miss our special little exchange of presents for Hanukkah. But you know I wouldn't feel right about using shipping space to send presents home. Take a rain check on a Hanukkah gift and I'll bring it with me when I come. And in the meantime, when you light the first Hanukkah candle I know you'll be thinking of me, knowing that I'm thinking of you."

A letter from Joe tonight would be enough of a present.

George ran up the steps, and as he opened the front door a warm smell of fresh cake rushed out to meet him.

"Is there a letter from Joe, Mom?" he called out.

"There is one, but it came last week inside of one addressed to me, and Joe said in mine this should be saved to give you Hanukkah night. So you'll have to wait until we open our presents."

After supper his father read aloud out of the Hanukkah Holiday book as he did every year. George was very bored. It had all happened so long ago, in a foreign country. Besides, George always thought his father seemed to have a special reading-aloud voice that he brought out and polished up just as he took his reading glasses out of his pocket and polished them before reading. The reading-aloud voice went up and down

George read the letter through quietly after lighting the candle for the beginning of Hanukkah



Over the World

MOSES

in measured dips and rises—low, high, soft, louder—in a regular rhythm of sound. One, two, three, four, down—one, two, three, four, up—one, two, three—

"George! Are you daydreaming? Do you know what I have read?"

George had heard it every year since he was about six, as his sister Betty was now. So he answered immediately, "The people of Israel defeated the Syrians in battle, and they had their land for their own again, and their homes, and could go to their temple again. So the rabbis got out the little bit of oil they had managed to hide from the Syrians, and they filled the lamps in the Temple, to light it for services. It was about this time of year, so now we light candles to celebrate the Hanukkah season, or the Festival of Lights. One candle the first night, two the second, and so on for eight nights, to commemorate the reopening of the Temple."

"Do you know what 'commemorating' means, Son?"

"Why—yes. It means 'in memory of.'"

"Like on a tombstone," Betty offered.

"No, not like that." George's father shook his head slowly. "The candles are lighted in memory of something that is alive—our freedom. When the people looked towards the Temple and saw lights burning there, they knew they were free to go there and pray as they had done before the Syrian soldiers occupied the land. Ever since then, the Hanukkah light burns for a sign that whoever lighted it is free to believe as he wants, and that he is celebrating because of that."

Tonight, for the first time, George was to light the single

As Joe and Beppe lighted the candle, Beppe's father said that it meant they were free once more

candle for the beginning of the Hanukkah holiday. But as he held the match to the tall taper he said silently, and in his heart, "I wish you were here to do it, Joe. Maybe next year. . . ."

"Next year, let us hope . . ." his father said. And he stopped. Everyone was quiet.

Betty broke the silence that was a little too sad for a happy festival season. "When are we going to open our presents?"

"Now," her mother said gaily.

George read his letter through silently and intently at first; then he read it aloud. Joe was writing from Italy. The letter was written the first week in December, and the weather was sickeningly cold.

"It is even more sickening for the people of this part of Italy than for us," Joe wrote. "The Italians have no warm clothing. The relief agencies cannot supply everyone, and even those who had things provided are obliged to wear them constantly, for they have nothing



else, and so they wear them out faster than they can get new ones. And the long soup lines cannot feed everyone, either, so that the people—especially the children—have nothing in their stomachs to fortify them against the cold.

"I met a little boy—eight or so, he looked, but he said he was twelve—and asked him to direct me to the synagogue. I wanted to find out if there would be services at Hanukkah time. He took me there himself. I couldn't help feeling that Hanukkah will not be much of a holiday season here, the people are in such misery.

"The boy's dark eyes were the only alive-looking thing about him. His face was too white—his lips were gray with cold and hunger. I took his name, which is Beppe, and his address, and I told him I was going to bring him a Hanukkah gift, because I always give you one and you are too far away for me to send to this year. Luckily I didn't tell him I was going to bring him a sweater, but that's what I thought of.

"I went into a store next day, planning to buy a sweater and take it around to him before the holiday season, so he could wear it right away. And you should have seen the look the storekeeper gave me.

"What's the matter? I asked, 'haven't you any sweaters left?' He nodded, but didn't answer at once. He took three down from his almost empty shelves, and I chose one. 'How much?' I asked. The price he quoted was in *liras*, but in our money it amounted to forty-five dollars. Forty-five dollars for a boy's sweater! Of course I had to come out of the store without it and I've been thinking about it ever since, wondering what to do. I'll get Beppe something for Hanukkah, but it can't be a sweater.

"And here's what I want you to do. Whatever it is I get for him, I want you to think of it as my gift to you—a gift I'm thankful you

won't need nearly as much as Beppe does."

Several days later, on the last night of Hanukkah, there was a V-mail letter from Joe. It had been written the first night of the festival. He had taken some food over to Beppe's home, he wrote, and along with it he had put in a few extras—"things I thought they might not have. Candles, for instance. They hadn't had any for a long, long time. But they lighted one tonight. One single candle—for the first night of the holiday. As he lighted it, Beppe's father spoke to them all, and Beppe translated for me. He was saying that the lighting of this candle means they are free once more—free to worship as they want to—free to have me in their home. And he called me the 'bringer of light.'"

Later that evening, to end the Hanukkah holiday, George's father put on his reading glasses and used his reading-aloud voice for the same story out of the Hanukkah Holiday book. As his father read, George thought of Joe's meeting Beppe, and somehow the long-ago time in the story rushed up to now, and the faraway country seemed to be the one where Joe was.

"And the enemy was defeated in battle," his father read, "so that the people had their land for their own again, and their homes, and could go to their temple again as they had done before the soldiers occupied their country. So the rabbis got out the little bit of oil and filled the lamps and lighted them for services. Therefore, at this time of year, we light candles to celebrate the festival season. One candle the first night, two the second. . . ."

And now it was the eighth night. George lighted eight candles, and as he did so with his father standing near him, he thought of Beppe's father lighting the candles in Italy.

"When the lights go on again," he thought, "all over the world. . . ."

They're going on, Joe—one by one.

"Festivals of Light"

The boys and girls who go to Lincoln Junior High School, Minneapolis, are of different races and religions. So every year around Christmas-time they have a special program to celebrate both Christmas and Hanukkah, the Jewish festival of lights. Halls are decorated symbolically for both festivals. Assemblies featuring Hanukkah songs and Christmas carols often include tableaus as well.

Guests who attend the celebration are given programs which include background material on

both Hanukkah and Christmas so that the sketches and songs which follow will have real meaning.

Notes on one such outline included this paragraph: "Though the church and the synagogue differ in their historic background and in their forms of religious expression, the sincere and inspired teachers and followers of both faiths have always endeavored to hold aloft the 'light' of God. In this light, all human beings are His children: ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS."



CAROL FROM "UP THE HILL" BY MARGUERITE D'ANGELI. DESIGN BY JO FISHER.

The Secret Christmas

(Continued from page 53)

heard the solemn, fervent voices blended into an orchestra of sound.

Going back, the children still hummed the song as they trudged through the deep snow. Their dinner was something to look forward to, for Mother had made a delicious dessert with the chocolate, and she had saved a week's meat ration for a hearty stew. The only trouble about dinner was that there wasn't enough; there never was. But afterwards Mother fetched the fuel she had hoarded and lighted an old-fashioned fire in the stove. The children gathered around it in an ecstasy of delight. They had forgotten how it feels to be warm all over, no numb spot anywhere.

Presently Mother and Marie went mysteriously to decorate the little tree, but the boys wandered to the window and looked out over the snowy fields.

And that is when it happened, the almost miracle: the drone of a friendly airplane flying low, very low; the boys running outside to cheer it; a hand waving and dropping something. It was a tiny parachute. The boys yelled and ran for it as the airplane climbed up, up into the clouds again. Slowly and majestically the little parachute floated downward. It had a parcel tied to it.

"Mother! Marie!" cried Pieter.

"Hush," warned Hans. "Someone might hear you. It's a secret." The boys stood with outstretched hands to catch the parachute.

"Boy, is it slow!" whispered Pieter. At last they had it and ran home with it. At the threshold of the door they stood still a moment. The tree stood in the room, a peculiar tree with many different kinds of branches tied skilfully to its naked twigs by Mother's deft fingers. Silver garlands hung from it,

and colored balls. But not a single candle!

"Look, Mother," cried Hans. "Look what came from a plane! A man dropped it."

"Oh!" Mother's hand flew to her throat.

"Could it be from . . ."

"The Christmas angel?" helped Pieter.

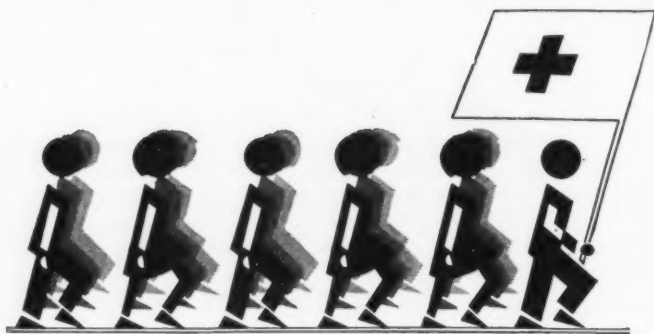
"Yes, I guess it is," said Mother. Out of the parcel came, first, a woolen shawl for Mother, then a cheese, tea, sugar, candy, a box of colored candles! And there was a letter, a precious letter.

"Dear wife," it said. "I am now in England working with the RAF. A pilot friend promised to drop this for your Christmas, but burn the letter and the parachute. Keep your chins up, we'll soon be free. Love from your Jan."

Mother cried a little and laughed a little. She kissed the children and cried some more. All the little lines seemed to have vanished from her face, leaving it radiant as a child's. She wrapped her warm shawl around her and dried her eyes with its soft fringe. The children wondered how they could have felt warm from the stove a moment before. They knew now that they'd been cold as ice, then. The warmth had been outside, but now it was inside like a little fire lighted in their hearts. They had not known how much they had worried about their father until the worry was lifted, leaving them giddy with relief.

Mother made a lovely supper of bread and cheese and hot tea with sugar. Never had anything tasted so good. The candles were put on the tree and lighted, after the curtains were carefully drawn to hide the guilty splendor. Bravely the homemade, mongrel tree shone and sparkled, like a promise of happiness to come as the Veendam children knelt down and sang "Silent Night" once more, very softly and happily, knowing that never in their lives had they had as glorious a Christmas as this.

Ideas on the March



SANTA CLAUS will have to do some scurrying this year to distribute on time the hundreds of thousands of Christmas decorations made by Junior Red Cross members for servicemen overseas. Whether the men are in camps, in hospitals, or on leave at Red Cross clubs, whether they are in the Fiji Islands, or Iceland, or Great Britain, they'll be mighty pleased to find traditional holiday trimmings made by boys and

lettered copies with gaily decorated covers.

A Red Cross Field Director wrote from somewhere in Alaska: "Our Christmas party was held in the new mess hall. Junior Red Cross certainly reached its hands across time and space to give assistance in making this party something like the ones back home. The party decorations went the next night over to Officers' Quarters for the official opening of their new lounge."



BERK PHOTO, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

AJRC members of Capitol School, Lincoln, Nebraska, at work on Christmas decorations

girls back home. This year, an impressive number of Christmas units were made, each one to take care of five hundred men. Since the shipping date was in early September, AJRC Jeeps worked in the heat of summer making tray favors, gay posters, greeting cards, three-dimensional table centerpieces and decorations—all designed so they would pack flat and take up the least possible space on board ship. Every unit included the old favorite, "The Night Before Christmas." Members in Schenectady, New York, made hand-

PARTIES OVERSEAS were not all for servicemen, though. The men themselves, thinking of boys and girls back home, planned all sorts of celebrations for children in countries where they were stationed. In one Red Cross club in North Africa, preparations for a party for refugee children were under way for weeks. The men dropped their rations of candy, chewing gum, soap and such things into a barrel which filled up day after day. Red Cross girls on duty at the club helped by making dolls' clothes, a stocking for each child, and a Santa suit. Servicemen crowded "Santa's Workshop" to turn out all sorts of gifts. They even got special permission from local authorities to go into the woods and cut Christmas trees, as well as greens for wreaths and garlands. When the day of the party came, the men were as excited as the children. A Donald Duck movie was followed by ice cream and cookies, and last of all . . . in walked Santa Claus with his pack of gifts.

American Junior Red Cross gift boxes were given to children at many of the parties planned by servicemen, along with little bags of candy-coated chocolates purchased from the National Children's Fund. Altogether, twenty-five tons of this candy will be distributed during the holidays to boys and girls in Great



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES




GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

Britain and in liberated areas who have suffered so much in this war. The four-ounce bags will bear your Christmas greetings and the Junior Red Cross shield.

 NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, members sent to a near-by Army hospital cedar kindling for the handcraft shop, shredded cellophane to trim the Christmas tree and sprays of magnolia for decoration.

In Louisville, Kentucky, members gathered greens which they turned into wreaths for the hospital at Fort Knox. Akron, Ohio, members sent gay, seasonal table centerpieces to the Ordnance Depot at Rossford. Providence, Rhode Island, AJRC made thousands of red crepe paper mittens which they filled with candy for men at the Quonset Naval Station.

Puerto Rican members are taking the responsibility for making all Christmas decorations for naval and military hospitals in Puerto Rico and adjacent islands. Hawaii members, as usual, will see to it that not a serviceman on the islands is without some remembrance from the Junior Red Cross.



WOUNDED MEN being brought back from the battle front aboard the U. S. Hospital Ship *Mercy* will have an AJRC Christmas, too. The Red Cross Field Director had a feeling when the ship was ordered to leave Los Angeles on short notice that perhaps it wouldn't be returning until after the holidays. So she got in touch with the Red Cross office at the Port of Embarkation, and her request was relayed to the Camp and Hospital Committee of Los Angeles Chapter. The Junior Red Cross, the Purchasing Department and the Production Corps of the Chapter all got busy at once. No one went home that night until 700 gifts, ranging from musical instruments to crossword puzzles, were wrapped and ready for delivery next morning. AJRC members not only helped by supplying gifts which they had made or had been responsible for collecting—they helped the Motor Corps make pick-ups all over town, they helped with packing, and, early the next morning, the AJRC Council president supervised the delivery of gifts to the Assistant Red Cross Field Director, aboard the *Mercy*.



Christmas tree ornaments made by children of Stockton, California, cheered servicemen overseas



SECOND-GRADERS of Lisbon, North Dakota, made a toy farm and sent it at Christmas to the Crippled Children's Home at Jamestown. Cardboard boxes were used for farm buildings; ice cream cartons joined together made the silo. A furnished farmhouse, animals, fences, a windmill and smaller farm buildings completed the group.

Children in the Glen Lake Sanitarium were busy before Christmas addressing and mailing greeting cards which had been made for them by AJRC members of Minneapolis, Minnesota. North Bergen, New Jersey, members reconditioned 250 toys and sent them to three local orphanages.



A LOS ANGELES SCHOOL enriched its AJRC Service Fund by holding a Christmas sale. They used things that would ordinarily be discarded, and turned them into useable, saleable items. Shirt cardboards became memorandum pads; small pieces of candles were transformed into fat Christmas candles; beads and melon seeds were made into necklaces. Old Christmas cards were snipped and made into "to and from" cards. Old spools became knitting spools, and worn tablecloths became small luncheon cloths and knitting bags. Doorstops, garden sticks, key rings, wall plaques, towels, games, bookends, and needlebooks are just part of the list of gifts made from salvaged materials. When the sale was over, the AJRC Service Fund was richer by \$160.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION





Left to right: Schimmele and Romulus, Uncle Herman, Franzl, Lieserl and Hansi

ILLUSTRATIONS AND TEXT FROM "HANSI," COPYRIGHT 1934, BY LUDWIG BEMELMANS, BY PERMISSION OF THE VIKING PRESS, INC., NEW YORK.

The Deer in the Forest

Ludwig Bemelmans

Pictures by the Author

THE TYROLEAN HORSE language is the simplest in the world. It has four words:

"Huest" means go to the right; "Hooo," go to the left; "Huestahoo," straight ahead; and "Brrr" means stop.

To make things very easy, there is only one rule: "Please have a deep voice; don't scream. We horses are always ladies and gentlemen, no matter how we may look or to whom we may belong. Thank you."

Brrr! It was eight o'clock, and Franzl was here bringing a fine morning and sitting on his little horse Schimmele. Both had been to Uncle Herman's many times in the past. Franzl walked into the house to say good morning. Schimmele walked over to where his big black friend Romulus lived, and looked around for someone to open the stable door.

After leaving his sharp ax in the house, Franzl pulled a heavy wooden work sleigh from the wagon shed. This

This is just part of a chapter from the book "Hansi" about a boy by that name who went to spend the Christmas holidays with his Uncle Herman and his little girl cousin, Lieserl, way up in the snowy mountains of the Austrian Tyrol. Franzl is a forester friend of Uncle Herman's, Romulus is Uncle Herman's big black horse, and Waldl is Lieserl's dachshund whose legs were so short he never dared go out in the snow. The book was written before Austria's freedom was taken away. Someday, let us hope soon, the people of the Tyrol may again become as proud and free as the deer in the story

sleigh had two pairs of short runners held together by a heavy beam.

Franzl went for the two horses and put the harness on them with quiet, able hands as he did all his work, going steadily, never making a useless move. Most people who are around horses seem to be like that.

On the sleigh he put a basket of heavy reeds, brown and big enough to hold a roomful of furniture. The basket was tied down with heavy woven leather straps, so that it could not fall off. Franzl pushed the sleigh under a door that opened out on top of the barn, and going up there he threw hay into the basket with a pitchfork. Hansi and Lieserl jumped up and down to pack the hay into the sleigh until it was filled.

Waldl came out of the house. He climbed on the driver's seat and wagged his tail. After him Uncle Herman took his seat, and next to him came Franzl. Hansi climbed in behind.

"Now we're ready. Huestahoo! What's wrong now?" said Uncle Herman, as he saw Lieserl come running from the house. "Brrr!"

"Mama said I could go along if you said I could," Lieserl said with a pleading angel face, to which all little girls know nobody can refuse anything. It worked. Uncle Herman sat Lieserl in the basket, and she wobbled over to Hansi.

"Huestahoo!" Dingaling, went the little sleigh bells. The forest swallowed them as the sleigh cut deep grooves into the new clean snow.

It was cold, and Lieserl started to put the little red sweater on Waldbl. He looked very angry and growled. Uncle Herman said to him, "It's all right, Walderl." (Walderl means little Waldbl.)

Looking at Lieserl from the corner of his eye and still thundering a little, he submitted and was dressed.

"There, Hansi, look behind that tree." Uncle Herman pointed to a stag with

great wide antlers. It took foresters' eyes to see it standing against the shaded pines. "No, children, we can't stop here. We'll see many more. Hansi, throw out a little hay and he'll follow us."

Franzl cracked his whip. The road was level and straight. They came to a clearing where the sleigh halted alongside a feed stand. Franzl filled it with hay. Then he drove into the road a little way off behind some trees.

The stag had followed them. It came with many other deer from all sides of the forest—shy little fawns hardly a year old at the side of their mothers. They were hungry, yet they fed without haste. Ever proud and free they turned their heads with halting movements—soft, brown eyes, slim bodies, lovely trim ebony hoofs.

(After feeding the deer, Hansi and Lieserl went on to other adventures, such as entertaining the Three Wise Men on Christmas Eve. For these you must turn to the book, "Hansi.")



Deer came from all sides of the forest. They fed without haste, ever proud and free

Saint Nicholas' Spectacles

Cesary Lanioski

Pictures by Jo Fisher

IT WAS RAINING in torrents when St. Nicholas waked up and looked out of the window of his heavenly home. The good saint dressed quickly, for this was the day of his yearly journey on the earth.

St. George, the special saint of the

hurry, sharing it in brotherly fashion with the cat and some birds.

Then he stuffed into his big bag, clothes and all sorts of toys for children. He looked closely at each thing before it went into his bag. He did not look for praise, but neither did he want anyone

to be able to say that he gave old and worn things as gifts.

There was a gentle knock on the door. "Who is there?" asked St. Nicholas.

"It is I, the Star. All my sisters have gone, and men see them shining in the sky. Hurry, St. Nicholas, the children are waiting for you."

"Dear, dear! Poor children, they will think that I have forgotten them."

There was another knock.

"Who is there?" said St. Nicholas.

"The Moon," replied a deep voice. "Why haven't you gone? St. Peter is rattling his keys with impatience."

"Good, good, I am ready."

"St. Nicholas has a long way to go today," said the

other saints, as he passed with his great sack of gifts.

"I have a lot of children to visit, more this year than ever," said St. Nicholas.

"Why don't you take someone to help you?"

"Why should I? I am not feeble.



"Dear St. Nicholas," the little boy said, "all this for me, but my mother—please give her a present"

knights, whose armor was always shining and polished like a mirror, was quite put out to see the old man so badly shod.

"But," said St. Nicholas, "so many boys have no shoes at all that I can't help giving them my new boots."

The old fellow ate his breakfast in a

And, besides, I want the pleasure of giving the presents to the children myself."

St. Peter was waiting at the gate. "Hurry, St. Nicholas. I can see from here that the lamps are already lighted on the earth."

The Star went ahead to light the way. The others twinkled to let the men on the earth know that St. Nicholas would not be late.

A little boy sat alone in a dreary attic room. His mother had gone to get her pay for some sewing she had been doing.

She had promised the boy to bring him a present, and he was wondering what it would be. Perhaps it would be new shoes. The ones he had were old and broken. Perhaps it would be a coat, for he had no warm clothes. Dear Mama, how many times he had seen her working late to make a little money. In the mornings her eyes were always red and tired. If he could only buy her some eyeglasses!

All at once, someone knocked.

"Come in," said the boy.

In the dim light the boy could not make out the features of the old man, but saw the long white beard and thought, "Perhaps this is St. Nicholas."

"Yes, my child, you have guessed right," said the old man. "I am St. Nicholas and I love to visit good children. Take these new shoes, and here is a winter coat. I have also brought along some books. When you have read them, give

them to some other children. Don't forget."

"Oh, no, St. Nicholas."

"You may take some of these candies, too. I give them only to the best children."

The little boy had never hoped to receive so many presents. After a minute, he looked at the good old saint and said, "Dear St. Nicholas, all this is for me, but my mother—please give her a present, too."

"What would you like for her?"

"Eyeglasses, if you please, St. Nicholas. Then she would not tire her eyes so much."

Now the saint had not supposed that anyone would ask for spectacles. He thought and thought to find some way not to disappoint the little boy. Tears came into his eyes, but he noticed they were stopped by something. He put his hand up to his eyes and—oh! wonder of wonders—he found that his spectacles were still on his nose. In his hurry, he had forgotten them. He wiped the glasses and handed them to the boy. "Here, my child," said he. "Excuse me for not having new ones to give you. Next year, I will surely remember to bring some."

For the first time in all his life St. Nicholas was ashamed of one of his presents. But as he left the room, he heard the child say with joy, "Oh, thank you, St. Nicholas!"

The old man went on his way, well content.

—*The Polish Junior Red Cross magazine.*



G.I. PALS



U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS



O.W.F. STAFF PHOTO



CENTER AND LOWER RIGHT PHOTO COURTESY OF U. S. NAVY



This Christmas, friendships struck up between Americans overseas and children all over the world are bright spots even in the midst of war. The little boy in the top picture enjoys talking with two Army nurses getting a shoeshine in a North African bazar. In the scene at top right, Sicilian children bring grapes to their G.I. pals. The Brazilian boys on the burro in the next picture are visiting their amigos at the Naval Air Transport base north of Natal. The soldier and sailor in the picture above at the left at the A.R.C. Washington Club in London are stuffing Christmas stockings for young Britishers. The little New Georgian at lower right will benefit from the nose-drops given him by a U. S. Navy medical officer





AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



Christmas Cheer

In Your Community

Plan ways to increase Christmas happiness.

Things to talk over:

Christmas plans for your own room and school

Groups in your town that might enjoy gifts you can make

Good manners in giving

Homemade presents and home talent entertainment

Ways to make Christmas happiest for big brothers or fathers home from overseas

YOUNG MEMBERS, ASK YOUR JUNIOR RED CROSS CHAIRMAN ABOUT MAKING DISH GARDENS FOR HOSPITALS.

SOME PROBLEMS:

KINDS OF PLANTS FOR GARDENS

KIND OF SOIL

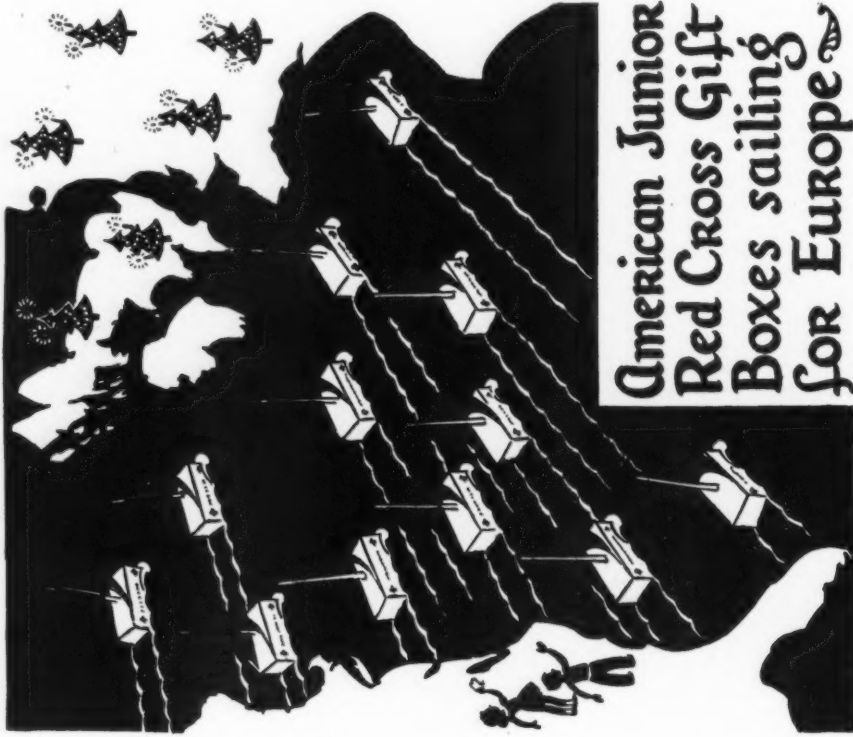
SIZE OF DISH

MAKE YOUR OWN POTTERY DISHES OR COLLECT UNUSED ONES FROM HOME.

War on Christmas Waste

Save money and goods for the war effort. Make new gifts from salvaged material: soft toys from scraps of cloth; small boats and Noah's Ark animals or other jointed toys from small scraps of wood; paper doll sets mounted on scraps of cardboard.

Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman what you can conserve from Christmas gifts for use in Red Cross arts and skills units: gift wrappings, fancy cord, gilt or



**American Junior
Red Cross Gift
Boxes sailing
for Europe**

A Good New Year

Plans for 1945

Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor to help you make plans for filling the special school supplies gift boxes for European children.

Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor to find out what items are needed most for SAF. Ask your teacher which of these your class can make. *For example:*

Seventh and eighth grade sewing classes might make washcloths and kit bags. Follow exactly the instructions that your Junior Red Cross chairman gets for you. Practice on clean, old cloth before you begin sewing on new material.

Fifth and sixth grades can make joke books and comic strip books. Make an interesting plan for your books. Pick out jokes or cartoons that men will enjoy. Make up good titles like "Chuckle Book," or "The Smiling Face." Medium sizes are better than large ones.

Primary grades and older members might work together in making books of comic strips, using only one series in a book. Include one whole episode. Arrange strips in the right order. Make sure none is omitted.

Third and fourth grades might help with mounting crossword puzzles and solutions on cardboards. Be sure that each puzzle has the

1944 DECEMBER 1944

1944 DECEMBER 1944						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31					

Red Cross arts and skills units: gift wrappings, fancy cord, gilt or silver paper?

Ask how good parts of Christmas cards you receive can be used. *For instance:* the outside of some cards make attractive covers for small joke books or cartoon books. Select covers carefully. Remove all names and written messages. Paste your jokes on paper of different colors and tie into the card cover.

In your Christmas program tell about opportunities you have had to add to the Christmas cheer of servicemen and children in liberated countries.

Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor to find out whether your art class can send wall hangings or other decorations for recreation rooms in hospitals for servicemen. Find out what materials to use and what size to make the decorations. Talk over color combinations. Ask your sponsor whether your ideas are all right.

Examples: block prints showing wildlife of your state, flowers, trees, leaves.

Welcome fellow members, home for Christmas holidays from schools for the blind or other special schools.

Make pen wipers and pencil cases (for three pencils) for J. R. C. school gift boxes for Europe.

GIFTS OF GOODWILL

Once more you have shown your goodwill for children in Europe, sending 150,000 gift boxes to increase Christmas cheer in England and liberated European countries. Soon now you will have an opportunity to fill another 150,000 special school supplies gift boxes to help with educational rehabilitation.

Junior Red Cross members in other countries that usually receive your boxes have given them up this year in order to share in your gift.

More important than the presents themselves is the fact that your gifts represent your goodwill.

zles and solutions on cardboards. Be sure that each puzzle has the right solution pasted on the back of the cover. Ask older members to cut out good puzzles for you and put matching numbers on the puzzles and solutions to help keep them straight. Fourth grades might make decorated envelopes to hold a set of crossword puzzles. Put a short pencil in the envelope.

Ask your sponsor what else you can collect for J. R. C. service.

Examples: marbles for Chinese checkers; buttons for sewing kits or school supplies gift boxes; tablet backs and other cardboard for crossword puzzles, writing boards or portfolios; wheels from wornout express carts, tricycles or kiddycars for book wagons or toys.

Give wheels to high school classes, rubber-tired ones for making book wagons and others to use in building toys for service.

YOUNG MEMBERS, HELP SORT AND COUNT BUTTONS, MARBLES, CARDBOARD OR CLOTH SCRAPS, STRING THE BUTTONS IN SETS. PUT MARBLES OF THE SAME COLOR AND SIZE IN BAGS OR BOXES. PRINT THE NUMBER AND KIND ON A LABEL.

Plan to complete a school correspondence album or letter booklet for exchange early in 1945. Decide on a section of the country you would like to learn about. Study your own community and make an album about some interesting phase.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The December News in the School

"Everywhere, Christmas"

Almost all the features in this issue are about the holiday season. Some tell of children whose homes have been lost to them. Others tell of families who have lived with fear for long years, their courage kept alive by faith. Still others remind us of our own servicemen sojourning far from home and celebrating Christmas by bringing cheer to the children of liberated countries.

Some Junior Red Cross members will light their candles in celebration of the Hanukkah festival. Others will set lighted candles in their windows to welcome the Christ Child. Many will sing carols around bright Christmas trees following a loved custom that came to us originally from Germany. All will have prayers in their hearts that people of goodwill may soon be restored to homes where they can live in peace.

Classroom Index

The stories and other features will be of special interest in studies suggested below:

Art:

"Christmas in the South Seas," "Flight to Egypt"

Citizenship:

"Christmas in the South Seas," "Lights—All over the World," "Company for Christmas," "Ideas on the March," "The Deer in the Forest," "G. I. Pals"

Geography:

Austria—"The Deer in the Forest"
Holland—"The Secret Christmas"
Mexico—"Children of the Storm"
Palestine—"Lights—All over the World"
Poland—"Children of the Storm," "To a Lost Mother," "Under the Christmas Tree," "St. Nicholas' Spectacles"

South Seas—"Christmas in the South Seas"

U. S. A.—"Company for Christmas," "Lights—All over the World," "Ideas on the March," "Christmas in the South Seas," "G. I. Pals"

Literature:

"The Secret Christmas," "Children of the Storm," "Company for Christmas," "Lights—All over the World," "St. Nicholas' Spectacles," and "The Deer in the Forest" are all stories worth keeping for reading again or retelling at Christmas time in future years. "Under the Christmas Tree" gives skillful synopses of two books in a way that supplies an interesting model for other book reviews.

Primary Grades:

"St. Nicholas' Spectacles," "The Deer in the Forest," "G. I. Pals," for reading by younger members and also "The Secret Christmas," "Company for Christmas," "Lights—All over the World"

Units:

Animals and Pets—"The Deer in the Forest"

Home Life—"The Secret Christmas," "Children of the Storm," "Company for Christmas," "Lights—All over the World," "St. Nicholas' Spectacles," "The Deer in the Forest," "G. I. Pals"

Religion—"Flight into Egypt," "Children of the Storm," "Lights—All over the World," "G. I. Pals"

For the Braille Edition

The contents of the braille magazine for December include from the *News* in braille grade 1½, "Company for Christmas," and "The Deer in the Forest"; from the *Journal* in braille grade 2, "Station AJRC," "Red Cross on Wheels," "The Prayer of a Jewish Sergeant on Christmas," and "Silent Night."

Helpful Materials

If you are looking for other materials for a Christmas program, you will find a variety of features in the *Horn Book*, Christmas edition 1943. This is out of print but may be available in libraries. It contains a new Christmas mystery play, "Bethlehem," by Arthur Ketchum, a number of appealing poems about Christmas, and several excellent stories.

A list of agencies interested in child welfare is published by the Association for Childhood Education, 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. The title is "What Are National Agencies Doing for Children?" The price is 25¢.

The National Geographic Society resumed publishing its school bulletins on October 2 for the school year 1944-45. "The Bulletins, each issue containing five brief factual articles and seven illustrations or maps, are published for 30 weeks of the school year. Their format is designed so that each article, with its illustrations and suggestions for further reading, is a complete unit, which can be detached for separate filing, for bulletin board use or for distribution to students in the classroom. The publication is one of the National Geographic Society's leading educational features. It is, in fact, a gift to education by the Society's 1,250,000 members. The twenty-five cent subscription fee merely covers the mailing and handling charges."

Christmas Message

The following is part of a "Christmas Message" quoted in the Red Cross Prisoners of War Bulletin from a paper published in one of the Prisoners of War camps. The message was written by the senior American and British officers to fellow prisoners in the camp—

"As the Christmas season approaches, we can do well to reflect that it is only the weak and unprincipled man who cannot rise above his adversity and be thankful for the blessings of preservation and health. In a world scourged with suffering and unhappiness, we are existing in comparative comfort and good health. During the Christmas season we should give thanks to God for these blessings. We must face the future, not with limp resignation, but with faith, hope, and determination. Every man should resolve at this time to live unselfishly with his comrades in a spirit of mutual help and confidence. Christmas reminds us of the enduring principles laid down by our Saviour. They will remain forever the qualities in man which are admired and respected by all thinking people."

Developing Calendar Activities for December

Morale of the Wounded

A director of Red Cross Hospital Service returning from a tour near the front lines in Europe reports that booklets of comic strips made by Junior Red Cross members are a help to freshly evacuated wounded men. That is why the *Calendar* suggestions continue to repeat the particular activity of making comic strip booklets. They should be of medium size, light weight, arranged in uninterrupted sequence, and should include one complete episode. Neatness and attractiveness of form with interesting arrangement will prove that Junior Red Cross members really care about the servicemen. The activity might be used as a means of developing discrimination in entertainment values.

A further suggestion is given that members talk together of attitudes towards brothers, fathers and other friends who come home wounded. Much has been written and said to emphasize the fact that convalescent servicemen do not want to be pitied or put in a class apart. The story in the November issue of the *Junior Red Cross News*, "But I Need You," furnishes an excellent lead for such discussion. Writing of the plans that men in Walter Reed Hospital were working out for their own rehabilitation, Adele Bernstein, in the *Washington Post* of September 28, said:

"What their families and communities hold in store for them, however, can not be foreseen and they must be prepared for 'a lot of unintelligent treatment by civilians—well meant but harmful to morale.' Brief furloughs home have already convinced them of that."

Here is a challenge for the 8½ million Junior Red Cross members to help prove the prediction wrong. They are educated to think of the handicapped as "just like us except in that one way," whether the handicap be physical or economic. They have learned, through many of their activities, that all contribute to the common good; that many great contributions to human welfare have been made by the so-called "handicapped." They should be equipped to meet returning servicemen of their own communities with a natural comradeship and an affectionate but unembarrassing respect.

Intersectional Correspondence Exchanges

A plan has been worked out that should facilitate the exchange of Junior Red Cross correspondence albums among schools in the United States. A teacher may request an exchange of albums with a school in any state, territory or section of the country from which her class would like to receive material. Ask your JRC chairman for Form 2514. The form lists a wide variety of interesting topics, any one of which will stimulate study of the local community or school. Spaces are provided to express first and second choice of subjects. A new feature of this plan is that the paired schools can be preparing albums simultaneously so that each will receive the interesting material at about the same time.

Whole School Planning

In November, examples were given of successful planning within a school and chapter for coordinated Junior Red Cross work. An example from a last year's report of the Harrison branch of the Westchester County, N. Y., chapter shows how Junior Red Cross activities were integrated with the school

program in the Work-Halstead Avenue School, Harrison, N. Y.

The kindergarten chose as its Red Cross project making the American flag, in activity periods, learning to count and arrange stars and stripes. The kindergarten also made paper chains and stars for holiday decorations for service outlets.

The primary special class took responsibility for collecting waste paper in the "war on waste" for September. Four boys were selected each Wednesday to collect and bundle the paper. The activity taught conservation of school supplies and involved arithmetic problems in weighing the paper and figuring how much it would bring.

The fifth grade, where members are first introduced to Home Economics, made button bags for the Red Cross. Special sewing problems for that grade included learning different stitches, the use of a thimble, correct type and use of the needle. After the first project the girls learned fundamentals of sewing on machines. After practice sewing they made bean bags, learning to baste-stitch by machine and applying their embroidery skill to decorating the bags.

The next step in sewing, after the simple bean bag operations, was doing the less complicated machine stitching on the hospital bedside bags. Sixth grade girls completed the bedside bags.

Seventh grade girls prepared Thanksgiving cranberry jelly as a hospital gift. By Easter time the seventh grade girls were ready to mix and handle cookie dough and cut out and bake cookies.

In shop, seventh grade boys helped make ash trays of Philippine mahogany and Mason jar tops. Special Class boys helped with lapboards.

In art classes principles of design and use of color were applied to favors and other gifts.

Thanks for the report on this coordinated work are due Mrs. M. Shea, kindergarten teacher; Mrs. M. Rente, art teacher; Mrs. L. Hart, special classes; Mr. J. Metcalfe, shop; Miss M. Dickey, home economics.

From another school, the Mt. Kisco Branch of the Westchester County Chapter, the sewing teacher, D. M. Herman, reported that making bed pan covers gave excellent practice in plain hems and connected with the unit on nursing which was linked with the war effort. The girls also made kit bags which provided "an excellent example of the use of French seams and other finishing problems."

Mr. C. Bates, the industrial arts instructor, also reported that Junior Red Cross activities "provided a splendid opportunity for coordinating and motivating shop work."

Further specific examples of integrating Junior Red Cross service with problems set by the curriculum were contributed by Miss R. Olsen of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Without sacrificing the work in clothing selection and construction, girls received needed sewing machine practice and experience in accurate measuring and cutting on the grain of the material. "After making a number of utility bags, hot water bottle covers, bridge table covers, a student proved better able to make a tailored blouse, requiring a trim of several rows of machine stitching." Smaller articles like the face cloths that require hand stitching were used as pick-up work to fill in gaps of time.